

button-downs and seashells

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button-downs and seashells

by [quartzfia](#)

Summary

“What? Don’t want to call me Mr. Addams?” The blonde quipped, a subtle smirk resting on his face, practically demanding eye contact. God this man was literally going to be the death of him. He mentally made a note to tell Karl to have ‘death by dirl’ on his tombstone.

Or, George is a daycare receptionist and literally falls on his face for a tall blonde who comes in early for pickup.

Notes

my last piece for dnf week! day four :)
prompt: kidfic, "so, wanna makeout?", seashells

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Look, it wasn’t that George *hated* kids, he just had a mild dislike of constantly having the burden

of taking care of a tiny human being. It in all honesty scared him to death, and he never really thought of adopting kids with whatever future partner would be for the sole reason of the *terror* that would come with it.

This made his job as a daycare receptionist very ironic and also extremely hilarious.

George was in college struggling to get by and was desperate for some sort of steady income to keep him afloat, so when his best friend Sapnap offered him a clerk position at his boyfriend's daycare center the brunette was in no place to deny it.

At least he didn't have to work *with* the kids, he just had to manage insane parents and the occasional kid with a fever or minor bleeding. It was a decently nice job, bringing his textbooks to do schoolwork in his off time when things were slow, and having easy access to a personal Keurig and microwave were also nice perks.

It was especially nice that Karl was working with him, and Sapnap lingering as well either helping or following his boyfriend like a dog. The good thing about the daycare was that they had to keep PDA to a minimum almost always.

Overall, he was getting paid just above minimum wage which was enough to get by, and was satisfied with the position. He genuinely had very few distractions, too.

Well, until he didn't.

George was working the afternoon to evening shift that day, Sapnap opting to take over the morning shift because he knew the brunette had been overworking himself before finals hit.

As much as he appreciated the help, it was more of a nuisance than anything as his friend had a habit of messing and toying with things only to not put them back where they were originally.

He was mindlessly drumming his fingers against his laptop waiting for his emails to load properly when a bouncy brunette laid his arms folded across the counter.

"You look exhausted, why are you even here?" Karl mumbled, flicking the shorter's forehead and ruffling his hair. George swatted him away and blinked a few times before giving a soft laugh.

"I'm a little tired, but it's not a huge deal. I mean, Sap was nice enough to take over in the morning anyways, too."

Karl laughed, hand moving to pick a water bottle out of their pack behind George's seat.

"Still, you're gonna kill yourself through overexertion. You know *breaks* are okay, right?"

The brunette rolled his eyes, hands patting around his desk for the blue pen he *always* had with him.

"I'm fine, but you know what isn't? Sapnap messing with all my fucking stuff-"

"-That's an odd name, isn't it?" A soft voice came through the front door, the little bell at the top making small chimes as it was closed.

George had to resist the urge to let his jaw drop open at the sight before him.

A tall man with messy dirty blonde hair, face splattered with freckles that looked like stars, and eyes he assumed was green (*god* why was he coloblind?) came striding in with a sheepish smile on

his face. He wore a white button-down with the sleeves rolled up to his elbows and black slacks that made George literally want to fall to his knees at the sight.

Literally, he didn't care what he did as long as the handsome stranger was telling him to.

Okay, he is literally a dad, mind out of the gutter.

Karl gave a soft snicker, picking up on the brunette's fidgeting fingers, and spoke in a sickly sweet voice.

"It's a nickname I gave my partner. Kinda like 'pandas' but backward?"

The blonde laughed the most gorgeous melody of wheezes he could have and if George weren't sitting in a chair his knees would've buckled at the sound.

"That's cute. I think I remember Mel mentioning him yesterday actually," He continued, large hands resting on the counter, fingers tapping.

George had to physically stop himself from staring at how huge his hands were and his own wandering thoughts.

"Oh, you're here for Melody? She had a blast yesterday," Karl continued, smile warm, staring at the brunette in his peripheral vision. The shorter had heard his friends talk about a sweet new girl who had first got dropped off the day prior, assuming this must be who they were talking about.

"Yes, actually. I think I'm a little early for the pick-up time June put on there, but I thought it wouldn't hurt to come anyways."

George's heart fell at the mention of a feminine name. Deep down he knew that the man had to be a dad, despite looking extremely young. It didn't mean it hurt any less to hear he had literally zero chance, though. Karl nodded, moving quickly to respond.

"They're outside for playtime right now so unfortunately, we can't let you check her out yet, but in twenty minutes you can."

The brunette's eyebrows furrowed, about to turn to Karl and ask why the hell he was making up a rule about pick-up that just didn't exist before he continued talking.

"I'm sure George can keep you company, though, I need to go check up on the kids. Thank you, Mr. Addams!"

Karl was gone as soon as he came, pulling up a chair in front of the front desk for the tall man before briskly walking out to the playground.

Goddamnit Karl.

George shook his head, staring at the calm man in front of him, whose smile was literally making him melt.

"Well, hey," The blonde started, another soft hum of laughs sending pounds straight to the brunette's heart.

"Hello. I'm sorry about Karl putting you on the spot like that, we really don't need to chat if you--"

"-No, George, trust me it's fine. You seem like a good person to talk to, anyway."

George knew his face was dusted with shades of pink the second his name rolled off the taller's tongue, but honestly, he couldn't bring himself to care when he could see the faint outline of muscles when the blonde crossed his arms over his counter.

"As long as you're alright with it. What's your name, if you don't mind me asking?" George continued, desperately attempted to avoid eye contact and not make a fool of himself in front of a parent.

"What? Don't want to call me Mr. Addams?" The blonde quipped, a subtle smirk resting on his face, practically demanding eye contact.

God this man was literally going to be the death of him. He mentally made a note to tell Karl to have 'death by dild' on his tombstone.

It took every piece of him to not drop the pen he was twiddling with when he finally met the ravishing green eyes just above him.

"If that's what you prefer, then I'll happily oblige," He tested back, eyes falling half-lidded and keeping a neutral smile. This time the blonde's laugh was a low rumble bubbling through his throat.

"It's Clay, for the record."

"Okay then *Clay*," George spoke, announcing the blonde's name more than he probably should have. Clay was definitely not flirting with him, but the fantasy in the brunette's head was being fed quite well if the blonde kept his tone. "Where do you work?"

"My dad owns a law firm and I'm an intern there. I honestly really just want to go back to college for coding or something involving computers, I hate all of the stuffy atmosphere and obnoxious people there."

George smiled, patting around his desk for his textbook before holding it up.

"I'm a comp-sci major right now, funnily enough. Classes kick my ass but I'm gonna be able to get a job I actually like so I see it as a win."

The blonde smiled, face becoming brighter at the mutual interest. He visibly settled further into his seat, leaning more comfortably onto his arms.

"That's awesome! How old are you? Are you a freshman or-"

George's face deadpanned, letting out an unamused laugh.

"I'm literally 24."

Clay's face flushed a bright red as he shook his hands desperately trying to back peddle. George's heart was swooning at the sweetness of the giant.

"No I mean- I-I wasn't trying to imply that you- You just look young and-"

"- *Clay*," The brunette cut him off, just noticing the blush deepened more. "I get it all the time. I'm IDed almost anywhere I go, you're definitely not the first."

The blonde gave an embarrassed laugh, scratching at his forearm (*no* George did *not* stare at the very apparent veins lining the tops of his hands up through his arms).

“I have the opposite problem, everyone thinks I’m older than I am,” Clay continued, another wheeze being procured.

“How old are you?”

“Twenty-one.”

“ *Twenty-one?* ”

George leaned back slightly agape as the blonde chuckled and leaned forward again, another smirk resting on his face.

He has a kid and is married at 21?

The brunette almost felt embarrassed at how un-put together his life was compared to the strapping blonde. He had wanted to compliment the neatness at such a young age, but any way he crafted the sentence in his head came across as pushy or odd.

“You seem to have your life well put together for twenty-one,” He settled on, causing a bright laugh from the taller.

“You’re funny, it’s literally just the button down, I promise. I’m a complete mess.”

George could hardly consider the man practically crafted by Aphrodite himself a *mess* , but he brushed by the thought.

He is a dad of one of the kids here, with a wife whose probably rich beyond belief named June, you cannot keep letting yourself think like this.

“I don’t think I believe that, but sure.”

George moved his eyeline down to his laptop again, continuing to type up his report on the injuries they’d had in the past week (corporate bullshit in his opinion, scraped knees were genuinely not that serious). They sat in silence, the brunette feeling the man’s eyes staring into his skull and trying to shove down a blush.

“Why do you have seashells up there?” Clay asked, nodding towards the shelf behind George holding a few shades of shells he’d collected over the years. He was caught back at the statement, slightly embarrassed.

“Oh, well, my mum used to take me and my sister to the beach as kids and I’d keep all of the shells I found that I liked because they were pretty scarce in England. When I moved I wanted to keep them with me because they hold a little piece of home in them.”

When George looked up his stomach was doing somersaults at the look of endearment on the blonde’s face, genuinely hanging onto every word.

“That’s sweet, I was gonna ask where your accent is from.”

The brunette flushed

“Yeah, I know it’s very out of place in America.”

Don’t think he thought it was cute, Don’t think he thought it was cute, Don’t think he thought it was cute, Don’t-

“No worries, it’s cute.”

George was going to pass out if Clay kept it up at that rate. He managed to get out a soft embarrassed laugh at that, rolling his eyes to keep some sort of coyness to him.

“Coming from you Mr. Addams, that means a lot,” George quipped, hand moving to rest against his cheek as he stared up at the flushing man. For someone with a flirty demeanor, Clay could *not* take it well.

He opened his mouth to say something more when the curly-haired brunette reappeared holding a tiny hand just out of sight from the angle he was sitting.

“D’eam!” The little girl yelped, running towards the blonde at full speed, Clay instantly bending down and opening his arms for her to jump to. The smile on the man’s face grew tenfold, picking up the giggling girl and hoisting her onto his hip.

“Hi, Mel! Did you have fun today?” He asked, voice pitching higher.

The sight normally would have George roll his eyes and mumble at the obnoxious voices and squeals of kids, but when the kid had the widest blue eyes, hair that looked identical to that of her father’s, and he was holding her so tenderly with unfiltered love in his eyes, the brunette seemed to change his tune.

There was just something domestic about the entire thing that made his chest tighten. Karl laughed, before moving to sign out the pair in the large binder on the desk.

“Dream? Is she saying Dream?”

“Yes, that’s what she likes to call me. Not sure how it came to be, though,” He laughed, ruffling her short waves and lightly squeezing her nose, prompting grabby hands at his chest. There was that *goddamn* smile again.

Karl gave a small wave to Melody, before wishing them off well. Just as Clay pressed his free elbow into the glass door to open it, he turned around and gave a small wink and smile to the brunette.

The second he was out of sight, George groaned, shoving his head into his arms.

“I’m sure you had a swimming time with Clay?”

The brunette looked at him with fire burning through the taller’s skin.

“I had a stupidly big crush on a young *dad*, who is *married!* ”

Karl let out a loud laugh, hand lightly banging the edge of the desk before moving to ruffle his friend’s hair again.

“You’re down so bad. At least you don’t have to see him again, they’re new and the girl almost got into a fight with Jade over barbies. I don’t see them being regulars.”

George let out a soft sigh. Karl was right, he’d never have to see the handsome man ever again, left with winks and comments that definitely were flirtatious (he couldn’t wrap his head around it) and mental images of his hands. It could’ve been a lot worse.

Okay, so it was a lot worse.

He had expected nothing more than memories of Clay to come from his future, a quick story he'd tell his friends, "One time I met this hot dilt at my job and we flirted only for him to disappear", but what he *got* was daily conversations with the most attractive and genuine person he had laid eyes on in literal years.

Each time he would come progressively earlier, just by a few minutes to close to forty-five minutes before he 'was allowed' to pick up Melody.

Deep down George knew there were two answers to why he had insisted on consistently seeing him at that front desk, and he really hated it.

Either he was trying to see men behind his wife's back for a quick fuck or to be put on the side, or he was severely misreading all the signals the blonde was laying down and he was being friendly.

He wanted to believe Clay was a good guy who genuinely loved his family and just didn't know what he was doing but every day he got more damn *obvious* with his flirting. George was showered in compliments by the guy, and the look in his eyes made him so hopeful that maybe he genuinely was attracted to him.

Sapnap started calling him a homewrecker the second he brought it up, constantly mocking him or making fun of the blonde's mannerisms, which started out kind of funny but only became a sick and twisted comment as it became closer and closer to the truth.

It had been a few days of the cycle of flirting, Melody coming to see her dad, and a small wave goodbye, when something really pushed George over the edge.

"An angel as always, Clay," Karl said, gesturing to the smiling girl in the blonde's arms. She had been more active that day and was practically falling asleep on the man's shoulder.

"I'm sure. Oh, and George, before I leave could you stand up?"

George looked at him quizzically before following his words and standing up awkwardly.

"Hold your hand out."

George followed as Clay rummaged through his pocket before placing his hand over the brunette's (he tried to force his eyes off of the very obvious size difference between them). He felt something mold into his hand as the larger moved away.

George wanted to cry when he saw the creamy white fan-shaped seashell now resting in his palm.

"You said you kept them because they reminded you from home, and I thought you should have one from here, too, since this is your home now."

George's stomach was twisting in all kinds of swirling knots, heart thumping rapidly against his chest. He knew his face was flushed red, but as he looked up into Clay's eyes filled with genuine kindness, he couldn't bring himself to care.

"Clay you-"

He let his fingers brush over the white material.

“This is one the sweetest things I’ve ever been given. I-I don’t know what to say, really.”

Clay let out a soft laugh, freehand moving to sit in the pocket of his slacks.

“I’m glad you like it, Georgie.”

The memory still caused red to fall over him a little too quickly. The brunette would refuse to tell anyone he kept that shell in his pocket the rest of the day, only putting it on his shelf with all the others when he truly had to.

From then on, their conversations became easier, getting to know one another more and realizing how similar they both were. Clay’s favorite color was green, he had a cat named Patches whom he loved dearly, he loved video games and when he was younger he’d dreamed of being a content creator of some sort, and he also played football in high school and rejected high level schools giving him scholarships for it because of his dad’s firm. George studied each feature on the taller’s body, down to the number and pattern of freckles on the corner of his cheeks near his ears, soaking in everything as the blonde spilled about himself.

He asked lots of questions about George, too, mostly similar things back, along with things he would never think anyone would notice, like about the small rainbow stitch on his backpack against the wall, or the design on his phone case.

The one thing neither touched (shockingly) was Melody or any relationships. George lamented about a past ex who was a complete douchebag (and he couldn’t lie and say it wasn’t insanely attractive when Clay grew very upset at the shit he pulled), but past that neither brought it up.

George was cleaning up his desk after having an evening shift when Sapnap slid to his desk, card in hand.

“What the hell do you want Sapnap?”

The black-haired man shook his head, slapping down the card on his desk with far too much amusement. George raised an eyebrow and tilted his head in confusion.

“Your lover *Clay* dropped these off for all of the staff, and left you one special,” He answered, pushing the cardstock forward as the brunette picked it up to read.

Melody asked me to make sure you’d come, so I thought I’d ask. No pressure, I’m sure Karl told you about the party he’s running for here through the daycare.

Hope to see you tomorrow

-Clay :)

George groaned, letting the card fall on the desk and bury his face in his hands as Sapnap laughed.

“You know how Karl loves to do these parties right? All the official invites say June, but *Clay* dropped this one-off special for you.”

The brunette wanted to curl into a ball and die at the realization that he *really* was head over heels for a guy who saw him as a boy toy.

Melody was a *kid* , and as much as he disliked kids, he couldn't bring himself to downright be rude to one. Despite his nonplatonic feelings for Clay, they were still genuinely friends, and Karl was technically his boss, meaning he'd have to go.

"Why are we laughing?"

The curly-haired boy walked in, bag swung around his shoulder and eyes droopy from an extra grueling day.

"Babe, you know Melody's birthday thing? Daddy Clay dropped off a personal invite to George," Sapnap laughed, pressing a soft kiss to his tired boyfriend's temple.

Karl mumbled a soft giggle in response, George's face flushing at the honorific used for the blonde.

"You two are the worst. I'm out of here," He said, aggressively picking up his bag and walking towards the door.

"See you tomorrow at the party, Gogy," Sapnap mocked, making kissy noises towards him while wrapping an arm around his partner.

George grumbled to himself, the cold night air clinging to his warm skin as he glanced up at the stars dotting the sky.

No , he did *not* think back to Clay's freckles. Not a chance.

George had helped his two friends set up the entire event at a bounce castle place nearby Karl had connections with. The party room was quite long and overall they were proud with the decorations and food they'd laid out perfectly. The kids seemed to like it too, as they were preoccupied and fascinated with the party hats and streamers decorating the room.

The kids and parents had been in the main area watching their kids bounce for the hour prior to them in the food and party area, which is where the three of them had met June.

In all honesty, she was very beautiful. Long golden hair very similar to Clay's and grey eyes made up her face, and her smile was one of genuine love.

George felt bad that he'd almost wished for her to be a little bit bitchy so he could be more okay with whatever he and Clay had going on, if there was even anything.

Speaking of the blonde, he had shown up late, just as they were finishing cutting cake, something that all three of them had questioned but didn't make a huge deal out of.

The brunette had tried to convince himself he only thought Clay was attractive because of the formal clothes, but seeing him in black ripped jeans and a lime green hoodie proved him *very* wrong. How the hell was it possible to be that *pretty* all the time?

George sighed as he watched the blonde greet Melody, a happy smile on her face and the usual call of "D'eam!", being unable to pronounce her 'r's. His affection for the tall man swelled as he saw the gentle nature of him with the young girl.

Sure, he was beyond attractive and kind, but if he was treating his family well then there was nothing he could complain about. Karl noticed the hint of sadness in his friend's eyes and opened his mouth to say something before noticing the blond walking to him.

"Hey, you're here!" He started, beaming down at the brunette whose feelings of discontent dissipated instantly.

"Duh, *Melody* invited me, dumbass, of course I'm here."

Clay laughed, hands falling into his pockets as the conversation fell silent, studying each other's eyes vaguely without needing words. The room around them, however, was anything but silent, loud screams and other childish noises filled the room, almost unbearably loud.

The pair winced at a similar time before the taller nodded his head towards the door to the hallway.

They both stepped outside, relishing in the deep silence blessing their ears as they settled against the wall where they couldn't see inside the room. Clay leaned his shoulder against the tan paint, looking down at George whose back was flat against the same wall.

"It's nice out here, away from the chaos," George started softly, returning the eye contact of the blonde above him.

The pair was shamelessly staring at each other, the pull they felt clear as day in each other's eyes, and it took all of George's strength to not reach out and run his hands through the blonde waves in front of him.

Through the tension, the air was tranquil, the brunette almost dare say domestic, before Clay's voice cut through with a cocky smirk on his face.

"So, wanna make out?"

George sputtered, face blooming into a deep pink completely unknowing of what to say. He searched every inch of the blonde's face for some kind of humor or joke only to be left with what seemed like a sincere offer. The brunette wanted nothing more than for the blonde to completely take him apart and put him back together, kiss him until his lips and neck were bruised, but the face of the young girl inside with birthday cake around her mouth and a lovely, *kind*, woman trying to give her five-year-old the best party she could covered him in guilt and shame.

Despite his fantasies of someone risking everything for him, including their family, he would never be able to go along with anything like that in reality without immense heartache and guilt.

"Clay, I-I really *do* like you, but I'm sorry, I'm not letting myself be someone's side piece and get involved in messy relationship issues."

George had expected a monologue of convincing arguments as to why they could run away down the coast of Florida together, only to receive a blank stare.

"Side piece- Huh?"

The brunette rolled his eyes, frustrated with the idiotic nature the man was showing. Did he really think feigning stupidity would work?

"Your wife? And daughter, *Melody*? Why the hell are you playing dumb, Clay, I know what I am to you."

The air fell silent as confusion stayed laced over the blonde's face, only for a loud wheeze to ring through the empty hallway the taller curling over on himself in raucous laughter.

"You- You thought Melody- Oh my god-"

He couldn't get words out between his loud laughs, only for George to grow more confused.

"What is so funny?"

Clay recollected himself, shoving his sleeve into his eye where small pricks of tears had formed through the laughter. He shook his head and made eye contact with the shorter, smile spreading wide.

"Melody is *not* my daughter, and June is *definitely* not my wife."

Mortification flooded through his system as he watched Clay fall into more booming laughter. George crossed his arms pointing his head down and trying to get rid of the shameful red covering his ears down to his collarbones.

"Then who is-"

"-June is my older sister, she needed someone to pick up Mel while her husband was out of town on a business trip. She switched daycares around the same time."

The brunette swallowed thickly, nodding his head before finally resuming eye contact. He felt like a complete and total *idiot*. He wanted to melt under the genuine smile on the man's face.

"So Melody is your-"

"Niece. Melody is my niece."

George let out a small huff of a laugh, scratching the back of his head and giving a sheepish response.

"Well, I guess I was worried about a lot of things for no reason."

"You're telling me. You took me as a douchebag husband who'd do that shit? I'm a little offended honestly," Clay joked, as the brunette gave a soft punch to his arm.

"No! No! I-I didn't, that's why I was confused, idiot. I was so worried you were trying to make me your mistress or some shit, Sapnap hung that over my head all *week*."

Clay laughed at that, hands returning to fold over his chest and look at the brunette fondly.

George felt a heavyweight lifted off of his shoulders, dissipating at the realization that Clay was both definitely interested and single.

The air fell silent again as the pair stared into each other's eyes, not needing the words in the moment. Clay was the one who inevitably broke the silence.

"I was wondering if you'd let me take you out sometime. Now that you know I'm not married."

George laughed, moving his left hand to hold the taller's right gently. Their fingers laced together as if they had for thousands of years, as George relished in the red sparking on the man's cheeks.

"I think that would be lovely, Clay."

The deep affection in the blonde's eyes was beyond endearing to the brunette, body giving in to the pull towards the boy, and resting his other hand on his cheek.

"Can- Can I kiss you?"

Clay blushed at the sentiment, before taking hold of the shorter's waist and smirking.

"Yeah, I think you can."

George stood on the tops of his toes and let himself firmly press a warm kiss on the other's lips, soaking in the feeling of adoration flowing between the both of them, the feeling of Clay's hand on his waist pulling him in close was making himself dizzy with infatuation. Their hands laced together squeezed as they continued to kiss, too enthralled with each other to let go just yet.

When they finally did pulled away, the brunette's hand stayed cupping Clay's cheek, as idiotic smiles plastered over both of the pairs' faces.

"You know, my make-out offer is still on the table," Clay commented, hand squeezing George's waist.

"Not even gonna take me out to dinner first? Where are your manners?" George quipped back, leaning in closer to his chest and letting his thumb rub across the freckled cheek beneath it.

Clay nodded back to the room.

"I mean, I invited you here, you had pizza and cake which personally I count as a meal."

George laughed, turning his head to see the empty storage closet at the end of the hallway.

"Karl did give me the key to storage," He trailed off, eyes enticing the blonde in like a dog as he gestured towards the back room.

Without another word (but a few smirks and nods) the pair dashed off to the end of the hallway in haste, giggling like teenagers sneaking into their parent's liquor cabinet.

George *did* get to date the attractive blonde he first met at a *daycare* of all places, even though it took a lot of explaining that no, George was not a homewrecker, when Karl walked into that storage closet to find them on top of each other kissing like their life depended on it.

Despite that, they made it work.

And George still got to see Melody greet Clay with a call of "D'eam!" and a run, although now from the blonde's couch or kitchen rather than behind a desk, which was a change he was more than willing to make.

End Notes

dnf week was SUCH a blast, and i encourage you to go through the entire collection and read all of my lovely writer friends' works. give them lots of love, they deserve it!! in another lifetime i did these ahead of time and did all seven days, but i am swamped with some MAJOR projects that i think will MORE than make up for it (@saekyuu on twt ;]).

support on my stuff has been insane lately, so a huge thank you to everyone who reads, comments, & leaves kudos, i can't express how much it means.

updates and announcements very soon, love you guys :)

-fia <3

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Works inspired by this [Theory One: This Toddler is a Genius](#) by [RavioliHailstorm](#)

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